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INDIVIDUALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

BY AMOS WATERS.

"What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."
Ebenaezer Elliott.

Two or three years ago Mr. Labouchere advised the readers of *The Forum* that the "masses are so strong in number that they might carry all before them, if only they would act together." Likely enough the same *ad captandum* appeal to the disorderly spirits in the gallery had been heard before and has found a hundred echoes since. William Morris who once assured a London magistrate that he was a "poet and artist pretty well known all over Europe," has probably read from manuscript similar stock-sentences to the people who gather around red and black flags in Hyde Park. Mr. Labouchere if much too adventurous to be stable is a distinct type of the popular democrat, and his words acquire a piquant flavor when we remember that they were penned from one of his excellent town houses—that luxurious mansion of ducal magnificence, humorously situated exactly between the House of Lords and Westminster Abbey. Thus it has been said, Mr. Labouchere can hurl his mimic thunderbolts at hereditary privilege and the Established Church without getting up from his dinner. Now is it unreasonable to conjecture that this very certainty that the masses do not and cannot and will not act together is the sole bond of confidence between the brotherhood of wealthy poets, capitalists, and stock-brokers,—the upper crust Communists—their secret armour of defence and hope against the vagaries of unreasoned insurgence? Is it possible that they have a "tear in their voices" for the woes of the masses and a wink in the "other eye" for the reassuring of their comfortable colleagues? Some of us look beyond the puerile platform pyrotechnics, the "loud and prolonged cheering," the grotesque banners and the paltry treason, and we seem to discern an unsatisfied spectre in the distance beckoning the ferocious insurgents who have not fattened on the ruins of aristocracies toward the elegant appointments and insolent refinements of opulent agitators, and but little imagination

is needed to behold these shuddering at the gaunt echoes of their own rhetorical insincerities. Sir John Gorst once said that the workman must be taught to use his tools. This insistence was unnecessary—the workman will learn to use his tools political and otherwise. He will appraise the net value of "progress" intelligently perhaps, but not to the satisfaction of log-rolling Liberals and stagy Socialists with aspirations for European repute. Just now Demos is befooled by the ballot. Ere long he will awaken to the drollery of the farce. His belauded victories have not greatly blessed him. What has it profited him—the gaining of municipal bondage and the loss of his soul-freedom? Certain Gehenna-retreats abound wherein, after life-long toiling for scanty pittance the tombless victims of organised greed may hide away, until their bruised frames shall be sufficiently stricken to lie without motion in a pauper-coffin and descend without murmur into a pauper grave. The weak and miserable are glad of a suffrage wherewith they may enable co-operative feudalism to resolve itself into a mere exacting administrative system, replacing as Herbert Spencer says, "an industrial régime of willinghood, acting spontaneously, by a régime of industrial obedience, enforced by public officials."* But the workman will learn to use his tools, for said not Teufelsdröckh wisely enough that "man is a tool-using animal"? "He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour*; and they do it; he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us; and they do it" (Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus"). At present the Fabian programme inevitably reminds one of the resolutions of the proverbial tailors of Tooley street. "We the people of England" are promiscuous, mostly well-meaning, and perfectly harmless, etceteras. But what if the sorcery grow potent and the democratic Frankenstein emerge from the chaos of discontent? Hitherto William Morris has written his poems, designed his conceits—some of them graceful and noble—lectured from thumb-and-time worn foolscaps and (tell

* Introduction to *A Plea for Liberty*.

it not in Gath) accumulated wealth. So far so good. He has managed his own affairs. He has been the keeper of his own conscience. Tragic tailors, inspired barbers, dustmen with dadoe possibilities, have all the while been mutely and ingloriously fettered by circumstance. But these latter may in the good time coming, voice the tribunal of the commonwealth. They may decide that the poems and prose and pictures of European Morris are unsatisfactory and without any market-value whatsoever, that in the utilitarian dust-cart he might be useful; not wholly purposeless, needle or razor in hand. Perhaps the eminent rebel would meekly accept the situation and the "labor-tickets," and strive to adorn that position to which the divine and enlightened democracy had called him. Perhaps also he would appreciate the logic of the Individualist. He might then realise that even the more or less considered items of a bread-and-cheese organisation are filled with a divine instinct; that dimes and dollars, and cakes and ale, do not fill the measure of human aspiration, do not provide with manna the soul of man in its rights of watching and in its days of craving and sorrowing. And from the depths of his passionate spirit there would arise a great yearning for the freedom of his birthright, the liberty to dree his weird somewhere—anywhere—outside the vast unconsecrated mechanism grinding out his individuality without any generous motive or spiritual product. As George Eliot says, there is "something besides bread by which man saves his soul alive. The bread-winner of the family may demand more and more coppery shillings, or assignats, or greenbacks, for his day's work, and so get the needful quantum of food; but let that moral currency be emptied of its value, let a greedy buffoonery debase all historic beauty, majesty, and paths, and the more you heap up the desecrated symbols the greater will be the lack of the ennobling emotions which subdue the tyranny of suffering, and make ambition one with social virtue."*

I admit that to me the idealist aspect of the issue between freedom and feudalism is more profound and significant than the babblement anent material and fleshly grossness; that I would rather dream an adorable dream in elective poverty than coarsely thrive because an unimaginative, brute majority willed it so. That individualism is naturally righteous is for me opulently sufficient, whether it is comfortable or profitable I care but little. I want to think without fetters, to worship without ritual, to wander over desirable meadows of speculation unwarned by intellectual trespass-boards, and safeguarded from the man-traps of temporary convention.

In all infractions of abstract ethics public opinion is infinitely better as a working rule of the road than the scare-sinner policeman. The police are necessary

whether attired in blue or red, and the need will increase with the growth of democratic propaganda. In the interests of private property, which is the inception of public weal, the noble order of Charles Peace communists must be secluded. In the case of the less active and more philosophical of these, care and kindness and pathological treatment will often restore the victim to sanity and honesty once more. But in God's name let it be insisted that the supreme appeal shall not be decided by the masses. As Mazzini said "the peoples lack faith," heroic, prayerful, enlightening faith, individual, majestic faith. The masses have been surfeited with ignoble victories, the destiny of their acclamations is unhallowed by toil and sacrifice and martyrdom of the sublimer kind. Their gods, political and otherwise, are false gods and of these the most popular chiefly announce *Thou shalt inherit the earth and the fulness thereof*. The true, wise, strenuous prophets of duty are derided or neglected.

Ask of John Ruskin or Louis Kossuth whether this is not so? Here are two types of humanitarian enthusiasts whose knowledge of the people has increased their sorrowing for the weakness, the vice, and the treachery of the people. The Utopia fashioned by Mr. Ruskin and the St. George's Guild, has failed; bad seasons allied perhaps to indifference, incapacity, and other human accidents, have destroyed the fair promise of salvation for the democracy through the cultivation of land. I was reading the other day with melancholy interest the abstract of the objects and constitution of St. George's Guild, which I received from the curator of Mr. Ruskin's museum in 1878. "Buying land for the nation and entrusting the cultivation of it to a body of well taught and well cared for peasantry," with schools, and museums, and libraries in fitting places for the instruction of these; how simple the plan, how radiant the prospect, how heart-breaking the recent collapse! Prate as you will, preach as you will, dream and appeal and sacrifice as you will, in the merciless tragedy of evolution the survival of the fittest is reasserted as the principal thread in the eternal plot.

Mr. Ruskin is essentially a Socialist but of the more honest order. He was not content with insisting on "restitution" from others, he began with his own conscience and his own possessions of which latter he yielded up one tenth. One is inclined to say to the noisy and not exactly impecunious Morrisites, Good gentlemen, go ye and do likewise and we will then respect you for sincerity and consistence if for nothing else. And we know the story of Kossuth, his selfless and suffering devotion. The Hungarian sculptor M. Josef Rona found the aged ex Dictator in poverty at Turin the other year. How has the democracy, the almighty democracy, the fervently grateful democracy

* *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*

remembered or rewarded his confessorship? Said he— and there is real pathos in the reading—to M. Rona :

"For many years I have sought forgetfulness in work. This is now no longer possible. I am a broken-down old man. Work fatigues me, and the painful wretchedness of solitude weighs daily more and more upon me. I am alone with my memories, alone with my bitter experiences. I was formerly unable to compass my aims without helpful fellow-workers, and then I learned to understand mankind. Plato is right ; life is no blessing, no gift, but a duty ; no gain, but rather a loss. When, on the brink of the grave, a man makes up his account, the balance is always on the wrong side. I have asked myself whether life was worth living. One only comfort remains to me. I have persistently followed duty."

Alone with his memories, alone with his bitter experiences ! The ingratitude of democracies is something more than proverbial. Is not a living dog better than a dead lion, ask the enlightened, enfranchised masses ? My friends believe me the dead lion is best and most helpful for you. Time and calm ripen the harvest, and the grain thereof is for others who shall live into that future which you are, however insensibly, weaving for weal or woe. Think a little of the past : of your mute but not unhelpful ancestry, and strive to realise the promise of seed time, spring time, and all beginnings. Remember also your mistakes. The bias of recent politics is imprudently and viciously selfish, and this selfishness is irresponsibly sportive at times. Every politician is the football of fortune and swift retribution succeeds independence as surely as the day the night. Therefore our legislative masters learn to pander and dissemble. If they happen to possess an honest soul in patience they are flouted as traitors or cranks by Demos, and dismissed by the caucus. A gentleman of much substance who in his time has played many parts once encouraged his followers with the assurance that "we are all Socialists now." And the "reason 'we are all Socialists now,'" according to one of the least time serving newspapers on a recent occasion (*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, Dec. 8, 1891) "is plain enough. The way to place and power is most easily cleared by borrowing planks from the Socialist platform. The promising politician is simply following the line of the least resistance and it is impossible to stop him. By and by there will be a change, perhaps ; but the crest of the wave of action, or reaction, whichever it may be called has not yet been reached." It may be that the wave of reaction has not yet been reached but the crisis is almost daily growing more acute. The symptoms of protest against the Tory Free Education Bill seem to indicate that only one more straw is needed to break the back of the Saxon camel. The same dolorous adumbration is not absent elsewhere. In almost the last issue of the deceased *Anti-Jacobin* appeared a warning note anent Australasia :

"The Labor Party in New South Wales has just shown that it will go to any length rather than sacrifice its leisure. One member thereof has recently brought in a bill to place workmen coming in from the other colonies—Australians be it observed, not even such offensive beings as English immigrants—on the same footing as the Chinese. He proposes that after the 1st of January, 1892, no person is to enter New South Wales under contract of service. The penalty for so doing is to be £50 fine with imprisonment in default ; while the captain of the vessel that imports these criminal persons is to be subjected to a fine of £50 for each immigrant conveyed, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. Incredible as it may seem, this is the latest proposal of the New Unionism in New South Wales, the Mother Colony, the parent of the Australian Federation movement. Well may Mr. Kipling, or, indeed, any reasonable being, ask the Australian 'workingman' if he thinks this kind of thing is to last forever, and feel inclined to say 'The Chinese will swamp you ; it is only a matter of time.'"

This kind of thing will not last forever, and the sooner the fooling and the befooled look where they are leaping the better for all concerned.

"The greatest good of the greatest number with the least 'injury to any' is best secured by ordered liberty. Whatever was good in the past was principally resultant from hierarchies of forces which in the sequence of natural law had rightful empire. Instability has ever been the precursor of dissolution, and the forces that hindered the tyranny of the ephemeral creatures of privilege on the one hand, and subdued the effervescent distempers of undisciplined social upheavals on the other hand, were the high intellectual forces that moved along the lifted planes of a perspective redeemed from disorder and consecrated to liberty. These were the teachers, the prophets, the martyrs of democracy in its truest sense. If such exist in our own day they deny obedience to the discordant counsels of unthinking rebels or assentors, and sovereigns themselves are yet strengthened by wise homage to an unworshipped and well-nigh forgotten ideal—to liberty, their dethroned but unconquered queen.

PHILOSOPHY BASED ON FACTS.

BY JOHN SANDISON.

A PHILOSOPHY of existence must embrace all the known facts of the world and must be capable of explaining them or at least of supplying the lines on which an explanation may reasonably be discovered ; otherwise opinions founded on an insecure basis will be constantly disturbed whenever new facts or principles come to light which are at variance with the original belief. There is a satisfaction and pleasure acquired by those persons, who, as Goethe says, "convince themselves of the existence of the eternal, of 'the necessary, of the universal, and who seek to form 'conceptions which cannot fail them, yea which are 'not disturbed, but rather confirmed by the contemplation of that which passes away.'"

In Dickens's novel "Hard Times" the reader makes the acquaintance of Thomas Gadgrind who is described as "a man who proceeds upon the principle "that two and two are four and nothing over and who "is not to be talked into allowing for anything over, "with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in his pocket ready to weigh and "measure any parcel of human nature and tell you "exactly what it comes to," and his theory of education is "To teach nothing but facts, facts alone are "wanted in life, plant nothing else and root out every "thing else. You can only form the mind of reasoning "animals upon facts, nothing else will ever be of any "service to them."

Such is Mr. Gadgrind's philosophy of life,—but his facts are of a one-sided nature—he is without sympathy and his whole soul is engrossed in dry and abstract calculations: he does not recognise all the facts of existence. It is certainly necessary to have the occurrence of events in nature carefully formulated and classified, and there could be no experience unless this were done, but there are other facts equally necessary and important and which cannot be overlooked by a satisfactory philosophy of existence.

When the ordinary consciousness hears of a philosophy based upon facts it fails to grasp its meaning and even those who make some pretence to a knowledge of the development and history of thought are apt to suppose that such a philosophy means a conformity to nature simply in its lower aspects and having everything based on a merely formal and one-sided reason—a system of thought similar to the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century, originated by Diderot, and ending in the materialism of La Mettrie who overlooked the higher activities of life, and as Goethe observes, "reduced that which appears higher "than nature, or rather as the higher nature in nature "itself, to aimless and formless matter and motion."

A philosophy founded on facts must embrace all the higher activities of life and the motive forces which work in history and science and art,—these activities are just as truly facts as the operation of mechanical laws in the so-called external nature.

While insisting on the importance of human activity and superindividual principles there is a danger of over-estimating them as Comte did when he deified humanity in such a way as to separate the race from the world, forgetting that the "enthusiasm of humanity" is a mere abstraction unless grounded in a living and reasonable faith in the order and regularity of nature and the universe taken as a whole.

For a similar reason the broad and comprehensive idealism which arose with Hegel requires to be supplemented by a scientific knowledge and careful philosophic study of the facts of psychology for the pur-

pose of ascertaining the preconditions of the conscious activity of thought with which that philosophy necessarily begins and so as to explain the unity of the soul not only with itself, but with its manifold surroundings, otherwise the real facts of consciousness, its intermittent nature, the curious phenomena of sleep, hypnotism and all the other strange facts of soul-life must continually exercise a disturbing effect on such thinkers; nor is it a satisfactory answer to say that psychology must be left exclusively to the investigations of scientists, for the facts of psychology are related in the closest manner to the activity of thought and the very existence and development of the latter are determined by the former.

A true comprehensive philosophy of facts must include external nature and the organic unity of thought and existence, and besides the theoretical reason, it must also embrace the higher forms of mind, "that higher nature in nature itself," those thoughts and purposes which have broken with the first immediacy of nature and are striving towards a higher unity.

DOES UTILITY EXPLAIN EVOLUTION?

PROF. GEORGE MIVART is now publishing in *The Cosmopolitan* a series of articles on Evolution and Christianity. We do not agree with his conclusions, but consider his objections to the arguments of the evolutionist as noteworthy. Darwin he says, "assigns the present or past utility of every organ as the sufficient cause for its existence." But is not this explanation insufficient? We think with Professor Mivart it is insufficient. Considering the function of instinct, he continues (*Cosmopolitan* for July, 1892):

"However far we may put back the beginnings of instinct, the question of its origin only recurs with increased force. How did the first animals with mouths obtain and swallow their food? How did they ever begin to deposit eggs at all or to do so in a suitable manner? They must have done so suitably at once or they would never have survived."

One of the two originators of the doctrine of "Natural Selection" said these weighty words, quoted by Professor Mivart:

"No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusk, a frog and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvellous process may also determine the initiation of those more important changes of structure and those developments of new parts and organs which characterise the successive changes of the evolutions of animal forms."

Professor Mivart adds:

"It seems clear to us that study of the wonderful processes which take place during individual developments, while they serve

to support the doctrine of evolution, also serve to refute the notion that it takes place fortuitously by the blind action of native forces in small hap-hazard changes in all directions.

"The lifeless, inorganic world harmonises with the living world in the possession of innate powers and essential characteristics which can never have been due to preferential survival under competition. No one supposes that the geometrical forms of different kinds of crystals or the lustre of the diamond and the sapphire have been due to "natural selection"; but if we have to admit another cause for the properties of so large a portion of the natural world why may we not admit it also for the rest?"

The cause of evolution cannot be sought in utility and Professor Mivart promises in his next paper "to ascertain some other and better cause for evolution in animal life."

The solution of this undoubtedly liberal-minded and profoundly Christian philosopher will be no other than that of the Church—viz., that evolution is the result of a plan designed by a personal Deity and creator of the universe. But while Professor Mivart considers that "the geometrical forms of different kinds of crystals cannot be due to natural selection," has he ever thought of the inconceivability of the order that prevails among geometrical laws as being due to the plan of a personal designer?

The decision of the problem lies here: Is there an intrinsic necessity in the laws of mathematics and its kindred sciences, logic, arithmetic, etc.; or has the order that pervades them been created at the bidding of a world monarch? Are these laws of form, uncreated and uncreatable, eternal and intrinsically necessary; or have they been so made that a few cons ago they did not yet exist?

We accept the former solution and reject the latter. We conceive the order of nature as a part and quality of God, not as a product of God's creative activity; and thus we replace the old anthropotheistic view of a supernatural God by the theistic view of a God that is inseparable from nature; we conceive God and the universe as one.

P. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ON the 2nd of April 1891, I offered through the columns of *The Open Court*, this wager, "A hundred dollars to one that there is not a passenger ship sailing between New York and Liverpool that in a time of actual danger can lower a boat in three minutes; and the same wager that any ship in the navy can do it in ten seconds." I was referring then to the loss of the steamship *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar; and I repeat the wager now in referring to the recent wreck on the coast of Ireland, where the City of Chicago got the worst of it in a blundering attempt to butt the old Head of Kinsale out of its way. Here is an extract from an account of the accident, given by one of the passengers: "Word was passed that some one in command had said that the boats would be lowered, and the passengers taken off. I walked back with my family to see to this operation, and to my amazement the davits were ungreased, and stuck, and one boat had at last to be freed with an ax before it could be got over the side, and then it went down head foremost." This was the same old story, and had it been otherwise there would have been genuine reason for "amaze-

ment." The experience of the passenger just quoted is very familiar to me, for three times in the course of my life have I had the bad luck to be on board a ship when it was necessary to lower the boats in a hurry; and in every case, after many vain attempts to untie the rusted knots, the boats had to be liberated by an ax, and the ax had to be hunted for. It is not often that the boats are needed and therefore they are not available when the critical moment comes. At every trip the steamship companies bet the lives of all their passengers that it will not be necessary to lower the boats, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they win; but at last there comes the hundredth time, and then they lose the bet, and perhaps their passengers too.

The Fourth of July festivities prove that the Americans are the most reckless people in the world. In Chicago, the holiday beamed all over with rejoicing; and so it was for hundreds of miles in every direction from Chicago, the citizens all feasting, and celebrating the freedom of a land which they thought was flowing with milk and honey. From dawn till midnight they honored the anniversary of national independence by firing crackers and torpedoes, guns and sky-rockets, little dreaming that they were standing on a powder magazine which might explode at any moment and annihilate the republic. In the midst of this merry carnival a voice was heard at Omaha proclaiming that the end of Nineveh was near, and that its exultant people were "on the verge of moral, political, and material ruin." I quote from the platform of the Omaha Convention, where the 4th of July was draped in mourning amid prophecies of "social convulsions, absolute despotism, and the destruction of civilisation." Heedless of an impending social conflagration the most terrible that was ever known, the American people actually celebrated their national birthday with feasting and with fire crackers, with oratory and with song. The antiquated fable that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning may now be retired on half pay,—I say fable, because a really wicked man cannot learn to play the violin and take pleasure in its harmonies;—but even admitting the truth of it, the fiddling of Nero on that occasion was not half so frivolous as that of the American people on the 4th of July, if the Omaha platform is to be believed. According to that gloomy state paper, the American people, instead of piercing the sky with sky-rockets and oratory ought to be lamenting in sackcloth and ashes the degeneracy of the American republic. According to that, we ought to clip the wings of the eagle, and make the raven our national bird.

Reading the platform adopted by the Omaha convention, I cannot help thinking that our melancholy old acquaintance Dick Deadeye, must have been chairman of the committee on resolutions. Otherwise, how am I to account for the ominous warning that "the controlling influences" dominating the two old parties, propose "to sacrifice our homes, lives, and children on the altar of mammon"; and that their further impossible purpose is "to destroy the multitude in order to obtain corruption funds from the millionaires"? Dickens describes a convivial party at a tavern, smoking their pipes, drinking their beer, and having an exceedingly good time, when a red faced man got up and made everybody miserable by explaining to the company that they were all slaves, although they did not know it, "bending beneath the yoke of an insolent and factious oligarchy; bowed down by the domination of cruel laws; groaning beneath tyranny and oppression on every hand, at every side, and in every corner." Well, the red faced man was at Omaha, assisting Dick Deadeye to prepare the platform, and warning a convivial people celebrating their Fourth of July, that they were all slaves, victims of a thousand oppressions proceeding from the "prolific womb" of governmental injustice. From that same "prolific womb," said the red faced man, "we breed the two great classes, tramps and millionaires."

Then Dick Deadeye put it in the platform that "corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench." Not only that, says Dick, but also this, "The people are demoralised, the newspapers subsidised or muzzled, public opinion silenced, business prostrated, our homes covered with mortgages, and labor impoverished." And the people, ignorant of all that, were actually chanting praises, as Miriam did of old. According to Dick, they ought to have muffled their drums, draped their flags with crape, and sung a dirge. And the remedy proposed was the surrender of individual freedom into the hands of "Government," out of whose "prolific womb" the convention itself declared those mischiefs and miseries had come.

* * *

One of the most interesting characters created by Sir Walter Scott is Captain Dugald Dalgetty, who is graphically portrayed in the "Legend of Montrose." Captain Dalgetty is a soldier with a sword for hire; and it makes no difference to him what king, what country, or what cause he fights for, so that the rations and the pay are good. This amusing person has been looked upon as a moral eccentricity, something like Don Quixote, and the possibility of him has been doubted. In the United States, however, such a phenomenon as Dugald Dalgetty is not rare; in fact we have armies of Dalgettys here, but they go by the name of "Pinkertons," and their military quality is the same as that of the bravo and the buccaneer. They are soldiers without a flag, and without a cause beyond the hire of the day. They are armed with rifles and revolvers, and they shoot with promiscuous impartiality; at the Pinkerton rates for killing, which, I understand, are two dollars a day. It is now more than a hundred years since the Grand Duke of Hesse Something sold some regiments of his soldiers to King George the Third, to assist that wrong-headed monarch in subjugating the American colonists. This mercenary transaction has been impartially condemned by all nations, and it is remembered with high-spirited indignation by Americans; and yet, right here in the United States, the Grand Duke of Hesse Pinkerton sells regiments of his American soldiers to anybody who desires to use them to suppress rebellious working men. The smoke of the battle at Homestead hides the dispute between Carnegie and his workmen so that we cannot say which of them was right or which of them was wrong; the merits of the controversy are smothered in the overwhelming folly of invading Pennsylvania with Pinkerton troops from Chicago, to fight in a quarrel which could have been settled by Pennsylvania alone.

* * *

Speaking of the Pinkertons makes me fearful that the most revolutionary patriot among us may have concealed near the surface of him a tyrannical spirit ready to spring into action at any favorable time. In the days of my "hot youth" I was a revolutionary Chartist, eager to fight for the overthrow of the British monarchy and the erection on its ruins of a British republic; and there were enough of those who aspired as I did to cause the government alarm. Among the prominent Chartists of the north was a young man whose name was Alan Pinkerton; and when the government was busy fining, imprisoning, and transporting Chartists, Pinkerton made his escape to the United States, where in bitter irony, grim Fate made him establish the most dangerous order of spies that ever preyed upon social freedom in America; and it became his unlucky destiny to give his name to an army of illegal soldiers not under the command of the nation or the state, an impudent menace to liberty; an irresponsible brigade of hired banditti, equipped with rifles and threatening every American workingman. This curious anomaly recalls to memory the fate of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. When he died and the attendants were preparing his body for burial, the courtiers were startled for a moment, because there, in letters of lurid blue, gleaming on the bosom of the dead king, was the motto of the revolution out of

which he sprung, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." No doubt he believed in it when he had the immortal sentiment pricked into his flesh; but in spite of it, he had become a king, like the rest of them; no worse than other kings, better than most of them, but nevertheless a king.

* * *

A decided flutter has been caused in political circles by the three-cornered letter of Mr. Charles B. Farwell to the editor of a newspaper, inquiring "whether the Campbell appointed chairman of the national republican committee (at the urgent request of the president) is the same Campbell whom he refused to appoint to a federal position because he was a "professional lobbyist and unfit for it." Mr. Farwell says in his letter, that three years ago, when he was in the United States senate, he recommended Mr. Campbell for the office of collector of customs at Chicago, and that the president refused to appoint him for the reasons above given. The sarcasm in Mr. Farwell's letter is pungent even to bitterness, and the three corners of the letter are very sharp. One of them scratches the President, another wounds Mr. Campbell, and the third makes a jagged rent in the reputation of Mr. Farwell himself. The president's hurt is the lightest of the three, because there is no official resemblance between the collector of customs and the chairman of the republican committee. The collector is a public officer, and the chairman is not. The President as the responsible chief magistrate might very properly refuse to appoint a "professional lobbyist" collector of customs, and at the same time, as a large stockholder in a private corporation called the republican party, he might without any inconsistency think a "professional lobbyist" the most efficient man for chairman of the board of directors. Of course it must be very annoying to Mr. Campbell to be advertised by his friend and patron as a "professional lobbyist," but that is a matter between him and Mr. Farwell, in which the public have no interest. A more important question is this, what excuse has Mr. Farwell to offer for advising the president to appoint a "professional lobbyist" collector of customs at Chicago? Nothing has been shown as yet against the character of Mr. Campbell, except what is vaguely included in the word "lobbyist," and there is no reason to believe that he would not have made a faithful and efficient collector, but his appointment ought to have been refused by the President for the reason that Senator Farwell was, at the time he recommended him, a large importer of foreign goods, and no importer, whether of senatorial rank or not, should be allowed to select a collector of customs. Every competing merchant and importer would have a right to protest against it. The President should have put his refusal upon that ground.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

HAVING been a reader of *The Open Court* for several years, I have read with much interest the views held by the editor, and other able writers on "The Idea of God," "The Immortality of the Soul," etc. I hoped that modern philosophy would be able to give to the world a better and more rational idea of these than the church teaches. But I must confess that these hopes have not been realised. Now to reject the doctrines of the church as irrational in regard to God or the immortality of the soul, without having something more reasonable or better adapted to the wants of humanity to offer in its stead, is not a very enviable position for one to occupy. Now I do not feel able or competent to express in the papers my feelings and thoughts in regard to this matter, but I feel impressed to advance a few inquiries and suggestions. To my mind the greatest and most interesting problem that

has ever engaged the attention of man is that of the immortality of the soul. Ever since the time of Job, perhaps longer, the burning question of the day was "If a man die shall he live again?" but it has not yet been solved. It is true the church answers the question in the affirmative but as the statement is simply a belief which may or may not be true we cannot accept the statement as a solution of the problem. Spiritualists also claim that they have positive evidence that their friends who died still live, but have not yet been able to demonstrate the fact to the world. *The Open Court* likewise has an answer to the question and says, "There is no immortality to the individual but to the race (as though this were a truth established by scientific investigation.)" In a recent article in *The Open Court*, in the Parable of the Type, we are told that the preparation for the beyond is or ought to be the purpose of every action of the now. Here we pause and wonder what kind of a beyond we are to prepare for. But listen. We are further told that if a man of science passes out of this life the truth he has brought out is not lost and when a hero of thought dies his ideals remain with us, etc. Now it seems to me this is not a solution but simply an evasion of the question. The question is not whether truths, ideal, and aspirations will continue to exist, but whether a *man* scientific or not shall continue to live in some form or other. His knowledge has no connection whatever with the question. Truths and ideals are not beings or things of life, but conceptions of living beings. It is certainly immaterial to us whether truths, ideals, etc., are still with mankind if we cease to live as conscious beings. Now if this is the kind of immortality that science teaches (not proves) then the great heart of humanity will say give us no more science. Besides, this is nothing new; certainly no one questions the fact that truth, etc., will always exist wherever there are rational beings. To my mind this theory of immortality is no more satisfactory than the Death-ends-all doctrine. There are also those who sneer at Agnostics and claim that there is nothing unknowable. But the fact is that we absolutely know nothing about the immortality of the soul or of the nature of God unless indeed we call the laws of nature God and ideals and aspirations the soul of man. But such a world-conception does not satisfy the longing or aspirations of man. If this is all the immortality man is to struggle and to dare and endure for, then the wisest thing for him would be to make the best of this world and not trouble himself about the future (which indeed many do) but we would hardly call them wise.

I think the following from S. W. Davis in his book "Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion," comes nearer the truth in the matter. He says: "The evidence of immortality or any after death existence of the human mind (soul or spirit) is inadequate at present to establish that hypothesis as a scientific principle and conversely there is not adequate evidence to establish as a scientific principle the theory of mental annihilation upon physical death. Hence the question of immortality is an open one, and should be held *sub judice* without prejudice, and subjected to investigation by scientific methods until a sufficient amount of evidence has been collected, collated, and classified to warrant scientific generalisation. Whether immortality be true or not the laws of morality are in force and observance thereof is good policy as well as correct principle for this life or any subsequent analogous life, should there be such.

Yours Truly,

J. FREY.

[Mr. Frey's presentation of *The Open Court's* position might be better stated as follows:

There is no immortality of an ego-soul, because such a thing as an ego-soul does not exist. Consequently, it cannot be immortal. But there is an immortality of the individual in the sense that the individual features of the character of a man are transmitted by heredity and education. The human in man is not con-

stituted by the material of which he consists. In the constant flux of matter taking place in an individual there is a preservation of form. I am the same to-day as I was yesterday, because the same soul-structures are preserved. So my soul lives in every person that thinks and feels like me.

The soul and the value of the soul consists in the soul-contents of our being, and it is the preservation of these contents of the soul that ethics is concerned with. Suppose that ego-souls existed, of what use would it be to preserve them unless they be filled with ideas that are elevating and good and true? It is by no means, as Mr. Frey declares, "immaterial to us whether truths, ideals, etc., are still with mankind, if we cease to live as conscious beings." For it is these very truths and ideals that form the quintessence and dignity of our souls. Without them, our souls would sink below the level of brute psychology.

Consciousness is an indispensable attribute of truths and ideals to be thought and aspired for, but so long as humanity exists, the attribute of consciousness will not be lacking.

It may be objected that the consciousness of future generations is not the same consciousness as ours. This is true in a certain sense; in another sense it is not true. It is true in the same sense as that my consciousness of the present moment is not the same as my consciousness in the next moment; it is not true in so far as the consciousness of one and the same idea is of the same kind. Thus my consciousness of a certain sensation or idea felt to-day is of the same kind as my consciousness of the same sensation or idea of yesterday, although it has been interrupted during the night by sleep so that the continuity of consciousness was broken.

This is exactly what we have to learn: That we, our self, our soul, that our real self consists in the truths, ideals, and aspirations which live in us. Whether or not they exist is not "immaterial"; they are the very quintessence of our existence. Ethics, indeed, is the living of these truths, even in disregard of that fleeting, sham existence, the interests of which attach to what is called the individual, or the ego.

This view, that the worth of the soul consists in the truth it contains; that we are God in us; that the soul shall live in and with and through God; that it will be as immortal as is truth, is the inmost spirit of Christ's doctrines. It is the esoteric meaning of Christian mythology. Any one to whom this attitude of identifying our souls with the truths that we have been able to take hold of and regarding the life of these truths as our own life, is "no more satisfactory than the Death-ends-all doctrine," is not imbued with the truly religious spirit which permeates all the word of Christ. He to whom self is higher than truth, has not as yet had a glimpse of the true Christianity, which, it is a pity, is rarely found among those who call themselves believers.—P. C.]

THE CHAMPION.

BY VIROE.

AMID the timid crowd
I heard Truth call aloud;
Wrong sought to harm her.
She all defenceless was,
Clad in her sacred cause,—
Her only armor.

Right hath no right to ruth
Defending sacred Truth,—
For Wrong no feeling.
My battle blade I drew,
And fast and furious flew,
Death to Wrong dealing.

Happy and proud was I
When Wrong lay prone to die,—
When life departed;
But the crowd cried, Forsooth,
You turned your back on Truth,—
O! you false hearted?

Pray how could I defend
From Wrong my lovely friend,
Or guard her honor,
Unless to the attack
I faced, and turned my back
Awhile upon her?

Ah, vain and timid crowd;
Disdaining plaudits loud
That you denied me,
A grander voice I heard;
Truth's grateful, whispered word
Quite satisfied me.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Mr. James Gibson Hume a copy of the inaugural lecture delivered on his assuming the professorship of ethics and the history of philosophy in the university of Toronto. The lecture is popularly written and Prof. Hume views his subject under the aspects from which he believes ethics should be treated. "Ethics," he says, "is concerned with the *ideals* that direct conduct." On this Prof. Hume lays especial stress. Its ideals, its normative standards, ethics derives from the sciences. Still, this is the mere foundation. Ethics deals with the selection of ends; science only finds the means to gain these ends; science has no judgment of the better and the worse: this devolves upon a conscious subject, upon a personality by which the ideals are measured. The chief ideal of ethics is thus the perfect personality, perfect as regards itself and perfect as regards its duties to others. ("The Value of the Study of Ethics." Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co.)

"Philosophy and Physical Science" is the title of a pamphlet of fifty-three pages by Mattoon Monroe Curtis, M. A., Ph. D., being his inaugural address on his assuming the professorship of philosophy at Adelbert College, Ohio. The address is a review of the progress of philosophy and physical science from ancient times down to the present day. With regard to the position of philosophy among the sciences, Mr. Curtis agrees with the opinion generally accepted by modern thinkers. In latter times scientists are becoming philosophers, and philosophers scientists. The chief results of Mr. Curtis's speculations are "that upon the great problems of physical science there is at present little ground for rigid dogmatism; that principles of faith are the foundations of all our beliefs concerning external reality; and that the speculative elements in physical science are its most prominent and necessary features." In his own, positive views of the world, Prof. Curtis, it seems to us, is uncertain and sceptical.

NOTES.

Dr. Carus will sail for Europe on July 16th, to return in October. During his absence the editorial management of *The Open Court* and *The Monist* will be conducted by Mr. Thomas J. McCormack.

MR. C. S. PEIRCE has resumed his lessons by correspondence in the Art of Reasoning, taught in progressive exercises. A special course in logic has been prepared for correspondents interested in philosophy. Terms, \$30 for twenty-four lessons. Address: Mr. C. S. Peirce, "Avisbe," Milford, Pa.

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